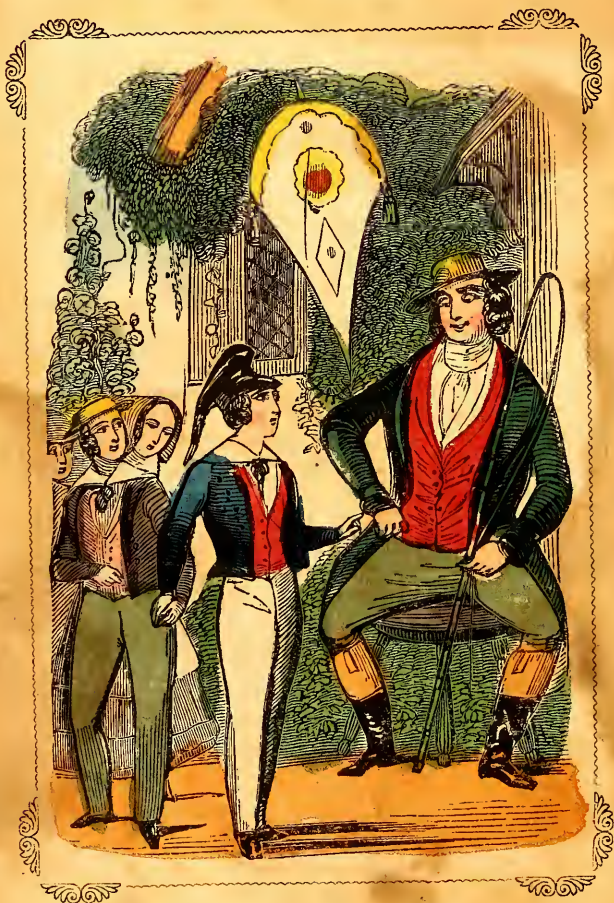


KNOWING TOMMY TICKLE.



AND HIS
GAY COUNTRY COUSINS.

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AND HIS
GAY COUNTRY COUSINS.



J. L. Marks, 91, Long Lane, West Smithfield, London.

KNOWING TOMMY TICKLE.

Knowing Tom Tickle
Was a nice little lad,
He was not very good,
Nor yet very bad.

In London he lived
All his life, you must know,
And thought nothing so good
As the Lord Mayor's Show !

Now he had an uncle,
A farmer was he,
And he likewise had cousins,
I think there were three.

Now it happen'd one day,
When they came to town,
They were all very kind,
And ask'd Tommy down.



Now the country people
He thought to surprise,
For a notion he had
They were not very wise.

He got to a path
That led to the house,
But he did not much like
To pass all the cows.

A turkey cock, then,
Stood close to the door,
A live one, you must know,
He had not seen before.

He held up his head,
“Coble, coble,” he said,
He spread out his wings,
And Tom was afraid.

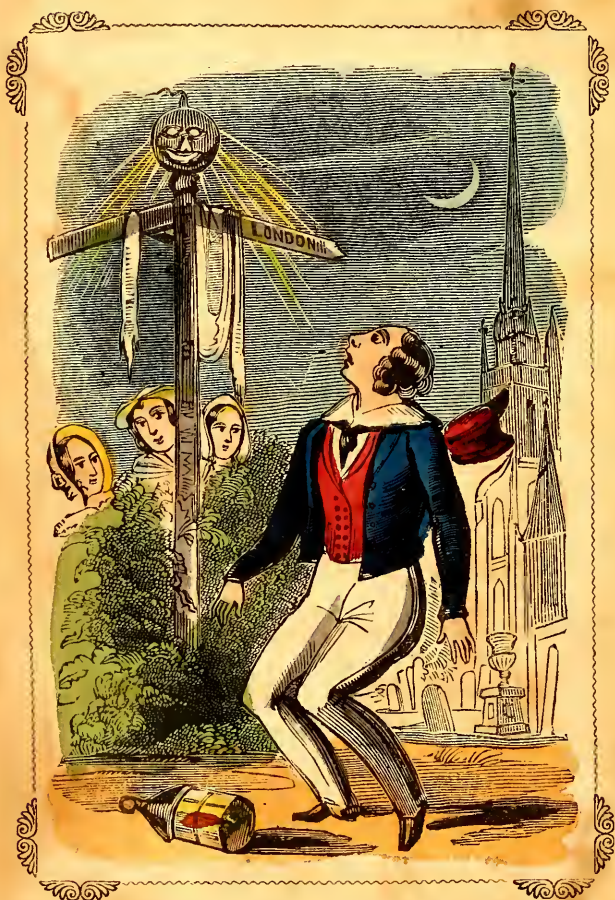


Then the turkey cock ran
Quite close to his heels,
Tom jump'd o'er the palings,
Right into the fields.

But there he soon met
With a large flock of geese,
Who would not let him
Have a moment of peace.

But an old dame was sweeping
Her little bed-room,
And she soon put them all
To the rout with her broom.

Tom got into the house,
And out of his fright,
So he slept very sound
On that very same night.



They went to a friend's,
And 'came back at night,
But Tom thought it strange
There was no gas light!

Tom's country cousins
Had mischief in store,
So before they got home,
They ran on before.

Then in the main road,
On a high finger-post,
A large turnip-lantern
They stuck for a ghost!

Tom took to his heels,
In a terrible fright,
And call'd out for help,
But they laugh'd at the sight.



The next morning early,
They were by his side,
And said, "On the donkey
Will you take a ride?"

Now Tom thought this job
He surely could do,
So he got on his back
In a minute or two.

Now a boy thought a joke
At this time could not fail,
So he put some furze
Under poor Donkey's tail.

Donkey kick'd up behind,
Which raised Tommy's fears,
And he would have fall'n off,
But he held by the ears.



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Then Tom took a walk,
At the end of the day,
And when it got dark,
He soon lost his way.

To follow a lantern,
He thought would be right,
For he at some distance
Beheld a small light.

He ran on so boldly,
Nor thought it a risk,
For he had never seen
A real Will of the whisp.

But the light disappear'd,
As if in a fog,
And he found himself sticking
Quite fast in a bog!



Then they put him to bed,
And he slept till next day,
When he pack'd up his things,
And ran quite away.

O the hills he went up,
And the hills he went down!
Till at last, to his joy,
He got safe into town.

Now the people in London,
I thought were so wise,
That the dull country people
I began to despise.

But now I have seen them,
They are not so bad,
For they can play tricks
With a very smart lad.

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